Sovreign of Cates, all hail! Nor thou refuse
This cordial Offring, from an english Muse,
Who pours the Brandy in Libation free,
And finds Plumb-Pudding realiz'd in thee!

THE

MINCE PYE

BRITISH
10 JU 68
MUSEUM

THE

MINCE PYE;

AN HEROIC EPISTLE:

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO

THE SOVEREIGN DAINTY

OF

A BRITISH FEAST.

By CAROLINA PETTY PASTY.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS BENSLEY,
BOLT-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

SOVEREIGN.

ADDRESSED TO

THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT

OF

GREAT BRITAIN,

Emperor of all the Russias

THE

SOVEREIGN.

ADDRESSED TO

HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY

PAUL

Emperour of all the Russias

BY

CHARLES SMALL PYBUS, M. P.
One of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury

LONDON
PRINTED BY THOMAS BENSLEY.

P.

TO

THE KING

Sir,

Although the following epistle is addressed to the Sovereign of the Russian Empire, the author yet hopes that your majesty will be graciously pleased to accept it from one of the most affectionate of your subjects.

Inconsistent as such an application may at first appear, he ventures to believe that it can be fully justified under the peculiar circumstances of the case. The same private virtues; the same ardent zeal for their people's welfare; the same benevolent protection of those, whose religion and loyalty have exposed them to the most unrelenting persecution; the same glorious exertion for the liberties of Europe and general happiness of Mankind; have eminently

TO

A PLUM-PUDDING.

BELOVED DISH,

ALTHOUGH the following Epistle be addressed to a Mince Pye, yet the Author hopes that you, for whom she has ever entertained the sincerest affection, will be graciously pleased to accept it from one of your most devoted admirers.

Inconsistent, and even derogatory to your merits, as such an application may at first appear, she ventures to believe that it may be excused, if not justified, under the peculiar circumstances of the case. The same particular ingredients; the same general reception, as conducive to the People's welfare; the same benevolent protection experienced from those whose Religion and Loyalty formerly exposed them to the utmost rigour of fanatic and Oliverian persecution; the same delectable contribution to the luxury of Europe and the happiness of Epicures, have emi-

nently distinguished these two favourite Dishes now so honourably allied: but there is still another consideration which perhaps may entitle this Poem, with all its imperfections, to the indulgence of being dedicated to a Dainty, which, in the opinion of many, far surpasses a Mince Pye! He who has long been accustomed to the highest dishes, acquires a true relish and taste for the refinements of Cookery: he is instantly struck with the excellence of any culinary composition; and feels delighted at such exquisite flavours, as either escape the notice, or make less impressions on the palates of those, who have not had frequent opportunities of dining at luxurious tables. By a similar process it is, that a Plum-pudding may be supposed to have occasioned the following address; as the Author would probably have been less captivated with the happy combination in a Mince Pye, had she not, from her earliest youth, been accustomed to appreciate the qualities of a good Plum-pudding, which is the pride and ornament of a BRITISH FEAST.

distinguished the Monarchs of the two countries, so honourably allied. But there is still another consideration, which seems to give this poem, with all the imperfections belonging to it, something like a claim to your Majesty's indulgence. He, who has been long accustomed to the finest models, acquires a true relish and taste for the beauties of Art: he is instantly struck with excellence of composition; and feels delighted at such exquisite touches, as either escape the notice, or make less impression upon the minds of those, who have not enjoyed the advantages of frequent observation and experience. By a similar process it is, that your Majesty may really be said to have occasioned the following address; as the Author would probably have been less captivated with the Character of a foreign Prince, if his sentiments had not been habitually formed under the influence of that example, which is the pride and ornament of the British Throne.

Cum tot sustineas, et tanta negotia,
Res Italas Armis tuteris; .....
..... Jus publica civibus da per eum
Si longo sermone moror tua tempora Cæsar.

The Sovereign.

O Thou, great Monarch of a pow'rful reign,
That more than doubles Europe's whole domain!
Whom larger empires own their sov'reign lord,
Than bow'd before the Macedonian sword,
Or gaz'd with trembling at the awful height
Of Romes proud eagle in her utmost flight!

THE

MINCE PYE.

Oh, King of Cates, whose pastry-bounded reign
Is felt and own'd o'er Europe's whole domain!
Whom greater gluttons own their sov'reign lord
Than ever bow'd beneath the dubbing sword,
Than ever heard the famous Bell of Bow,
Or gaz'd with transport on a Lord Mayor's Show!

Say, can the spices from the eastern grove,
The fragrant cinnamon, the dusky clove,
The strength of all the aromatic train
That careful Dutchmen waft across the main,
The pastry frontier, the embattled crust,
Moulded with butter and the mealy dust,
The taper rolling-pin that, white and round,
Rolls o'er the dresser with a thund'ring sound;
Can apples, currants, raisins, all combin'd
Make a Mince Pye delight the taste refin'd,
Command the praises of the pamper'd guest,
Or court the palate with a genuine zest?
No; none of these the appetite can crown,
Or smooth the hungry Aldermanic frown:
Weak in themselves alone, their tastes dispense
Fallacious seemings to the outward sense:
Their truest influence depends on this;
Are these the objects of a glutton's bliss?

say, can the sceptre's blaze, the golden globe,
The brilliant diadem, the gorgeous robe,
The courtly pageant, and the splendid train;
The strength of navies riding on the main,
The iron frontier, the embattled coast,
The waving banner, and the glittering host;
The dread salute of cannon thundering loud,
The prostrate homage of a supplicant crowd;
Can all the pomp of power and wealth combin'd
Raise up one genuine transport in the mind,
With balmy soothings tranquilize the breast,
Or give the slumbers of contented rest?
No: none of these can smooth the troubled frown,
Or lull the cares that lurk beneath a Crown.
Wealth in themselves alone, their rays dispense
Fallacious seemings to the outward sense:
Their mental influence depends on this;
Are these the object, or the means of bliss?

But happy they, thrice happy, who possess
Their greatest blessing in the pow'r to bless,
Delight in mercy, study to be just;
And hold their sceptre as a sacred trust;
Not as the tyrant's persecuting rod,
But as the gracious instrument of God.
Where can ambition find so sure a way
To change a partial into gen'ral sway?
For when the duties of his high estate
Fill all his thoughts, his actions regulate,
Like him, whose worth adorns his Albion's throne,
The Monarch reigns in realms beyond his own.
Though foreign latitudes his pow'r extends,
And only terminates where virtue ends:
From ev'ry clime exulting millions pour
Their golden praise: his cumulating store
Swells with the best of wealth: and hourly draws
The countless tribute of a world's applause.

But happy they, thrice happy, who possess
The art to mix these sweets with due address,
Delight in pastry, temper well the crust,
And hold the rolling-pin a sacred trust;
Not in the tyrant's persecuting mood,
But as a graceful instrument of good.
Where shall the cook discern so sure a way
To give Mince Pyes an universal sway?
For when the sweets, combin'd with happy skill,
The light puff-paste with meat delicious fill,
Like Albion's rich Plum-pudding, famous grown,
The Mince Pye reigns in realms beyond his own:
Through foreign latitudes his pow'r extends,
And only terminates where eating ends:
Blest Epicures from ev'ry climate pour
Their gustful praise, his cumulating store,
Improv'd in sweets and spices, hourly draws
The countless tribute of a world's applause.

Hail then, exalted Pye, whose high renown
Danes, Dutchmen, Russians, with applauses crown!
Sov'reign of Cates, all hail! nor thou refuse
This cordial off'ring from an English muse,
Who pours the brandy in libation free,
And finds Plum-pudding realiz'd in thee.
Chaunts the high hymn to themes that far surpass
The luxuries of honour'd Mrs. Glasse.

What lips unmoisten'd speak that glorious name?
What bosom burns not with a charcoal flame?
Yet when reflection views her ardent mind
Kindling the kitchen range of human kind;
When all the culinary art is found
In one octavo volume neatly bound;
From rapt amaze to liq'rish fancies tost,
We scarcely credit what delights us most:
Till, led by appetite, our thoughts advance,
And grave receipt books look like gay romance.

Hail then, exalted Prince, whose high renown
Adds a new jewel to the Russian crown!
Imperial Sov'reign, hail! nor thou refuse
This Cordial offering from an English Muse,
Who free from dread, from adulation free,
Beholds that Monarch real'z'd in thee,
Lifts up the voice of truth, and sings from far
The blest descendant of the Mighty Czar.
O! who can hear unmov'd that glorious name,
Or feel the bosom burn with nobler flame?
Yet when reflection views his lofty mind
Soaring above the range of human kind;
When the slow work of centuries appears,
Compress'd within a few revolving years;
From rapt amaze to Levitation tost,
We scarcely credit what delights us most:
As if by fancy led our thoughts advance,
And sober history, looks like gay romance.

Lo! where immers'd in fog and vapours damp,
The doubtful Neva glides through yonder swamp,
Widely insinuates its dilutent flood,
And hides its margin in a waste of mud,
Where land and water hold a middle state,
Nor fluid this appears, nor solid that;
And in their oozy bed of shelt'ring reeds,
The screaming fowl or slimy reptile breeds.
But mark that gallant Youth of royal mien,
Whose sov'reign fiat animates the scene!
As if enchantment wav'd her plastick wand,
The dismal prospect cheers at his command:
His nod the blended elements obey,
And yielding nature seems to own his sway.
The channell'd river now remotely drains
Redundant moisture through a thousand veins:
Recover'd earth enjoys the new retreat,
And echoes to the tread of human feet;

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But mark, the cook-maid comes, of portly mien,
Whose swill-pail often animates the scene!

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The channell'd river now remotely drains,
And spreads redundant moisture o'er the plains;
The fertile fields, enrob'd in verdure, greet
The sacred treasures of the still retreat;

And sweetest flow'rs, that scent the painted mead,
To fœtid smells and squalid filth succeed.
But wheresoe'er the fascinated eyes
Their vision turn, fresh prodigies arise;
The furrows straight in lengthen'd order run;
Wheat, oats, and barley, glitter in the sun;
And loftier fields of hemp, that, green in hope,
Exalt their stalks; fair promise of a rope;
And beans, and pease, and rye, and many more,
That swell the stack or barn's collected store.
But e'en beyond the barn her powers range;
The paddock emulates the wond'rous change.
Where horticulture's arts had never spread,
The hollyhock uprears its tow'ring head;
Unnumber'd plants the raptur'd sight assail,
Play in the sunbeam, catch the shifting gale,
Or with profounder roots the moisture seize,
Brave *changing* skies, and rise to lofty trees.

While man's glad voice, in busy murmurs heard,
Succeeds the wailing of the clamorous bird.
But wheresoe'er the fascinated eyes
Their visions turn, fresh prodigies arise:
Spacious streets in lengthen'd order run;
Domes, spires, and turrets glitter in the sun;
And lofty palaces of state, that far
Extends their fronts; and arsenals of war;
And wealthy quays; and many a structure more,
Form a vast city on the peopled shore.
But e'en beyond the shore his powers range,
And the gulf emulates the wond'rous change.
Where navigation's arts to hail never spread,
The floating bulwark rears its towering head;
Unnumber'd vessels hoist the teeming sail,
Or ply the oar, or catch the shifting gale,
Or with profounder keels the ocean brave,
Dash the white foam, and vex the Baltick wave.

These are his mighty works; nor these alone:
Superior still his vast achievements shone:
His genius drew, his skilful pencil drew a plan
Of nobler purpose, and the plot was man.
Within the bounds of discipline to keep
Unruly passions, that were wild to sweep
With wild disorder, whelming, unconfin'd;
Of stagnant prejudice to drain the mind;
With clear discernments steady hand to trace
Decided outlines of improvements base;
Firm against bigotry's contending storm,
To raise the solid fabrick of reform,
With polish'd ornaments of reason grac'd;
The column's height in social order, plac'd;
And on the labour'd capitals of art,
Enrich'd with all that science could impart,
The bold entablature and dome to raise
Of swelling glory and his country's praise.

These are the cook-maid's works; nor these alone.
Superior still her vast achievements shone;
For, fix'd in thought, her meditative eye
Form'd a delicious plan...that plan was Pye.
Within the bounds of pastry work to keep
Unruly Pudding, that was us'd to sweep
Wide o'er the board, unless by bag confin'd,
And *bake* the suet with the sweets combin'd:
With clean-wash'd hands, and ready skill, to trace
Decided outlines of the doughy base;
Firm against heat, or damp, or nauseous dust,
To build the solid fabric of the crust,
With knots and ornaments profusely grac'd,
Glaz'd o'er with white of egg, and neatly plac'd,
And on the labour'd walls, of matchless art,
Enrich'd with all that butter could impart,
The lid's entablature and dome to raise,
To swell her glory and her country's praise.

- These are his mighty works; nor these alone:
- Superiour still his vast achievements shone:
- His genius drew, his skilful pen formed a plan
- Of nobler purpose, and the plot was man.
- Within the bounds of discipline to keep
- Unruly passions, that pervade to sweep
- With wild disorder, whelming, unconfin'd;
- Of stagnant prejudice to drain the mind,
- With clear discernments steady hand to trace
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To swell her glory and her country's praise.

To Luxury, who rules in Fortune's ranks,
Let cooks, by active conduct, prove their thanks.
Whether, expert to stew, ragout, or mince,
Their eye command the kitchen of a prince;
Or only rais'd to grace a noble's dish,
They dress, to please my lord, his *Fowland* fish;
Or fix'd in humbler station, scantly boast
To rule the greatness of a cottage roast;
Where'er their posture, let them ask of sense,
What bliss can culinary skill dispense?
'Tis not the flavour of the ripe dessert;
The gard'ner's embryo treasures, here inert,
Can lay no claim to merit. Is it then
The cook's best bliss to please the taste of men?
Though man may dread sometimes, o'er dish or pan,
The mysteries of luxury to scan,
We may, with confidence of truth, maintain
A good Mince Pye was seldom made in vain.

To God, who station'd him in fortune's ranks,
Let man, by active conduct, prove his thanks.
Whether o'er kingdoms his commanding eye
Look from the pinnacle of sov'reignty;
Or only rais'd upon the portly style,
He take his stand in elevation's pile;
Or humbler stile, he occupy a place
One single step above its lowest base;
Whate'er his posture let him ask of sense
What was the aim of gracious Providence.
'Twas not reward; for that implies desert:
And grandeur's embryo lies, as yet inert,
Can lay no claim to merit. was it then,
For the mere pleasure and delight of men?
In this at least, although it was not giv'n
For us to scan the mysteries of Heav'n,
We may, with confidence of truth, maintain
'Tis not so blind, so bountiful in vain.

- For different were the ends it had in view;
- In giving rank, it gave no duties too;
- Duties, demanded by each passing hour,
- And rising in the scale with wealth and power;
- But there is none perhaps amongst them all,
- For which the social claims more loudly call,
- Than that, which universally succeeds,
- And strengthens precept by the force of deeds.
- Example is the source of genuine strife;
- Example is the talisman of life;
- Nor could the fancied power of spells invent
- So strong a charm, so near omnipotent.
- By this, the champion of the Russian state
- Burst superstition's adamantine gate,
- Pierc'd through the gloomy dungeon, where, confin'd
- By sloth gigantick, lay the grov'ling mind,
- Releas'd it from the weight of barbarous chains,
- And led it to improvements happy plains,

What happy ends has cookery in view!
It stills our hunger, gives us dainties too;
Dainties the glutton seeks for ev'ry hour,
And rising in the scale with wealth and pow'r;
But there is none, perhaps, amongst them all,
For which the table's claims more loudly call,
Than rich Mince Pyes of universal price,
That strengthen brandy by the force of spice;
Mince Pye is still the source of gobbling strife;
Mince Pye, the talisman of civil life:
Nor could the fancied pow'r of spells invent
So rich a feast, so near omnipotent.
By this, and not the cauldron or the fire,
Medea woke to youth her Jason's sire,
Pierc'd through the gloomy apathy where taste
Mourn'd, pow'rless mourn'd, time's unrelenting waste,
Provok'd the palate of Thessalia's lord,
And led the dotard to the tempting board,

Where all that art luxurious could supply
Was plac'd, but most pre-eminent Mince Pye,
Whose light brown battlements, and flaky wall,
Shake from their utmost depth, and shiv'ring fall.
The cook's invention for her country's good,
Which calls forth ecstasies of gratitude,
Which highest sentiments of praise inspires
In princes, lords, knights, citizens, and squires;
From which the sons of lux'ry blessings date;
May fix of Christmas feasts the wav'ring fate;
Christmas, whose gobbling sons for dainties strive,
Her preservation may perhaps derive
From that important and momentous day,
When Molly's meditation pav'd the way
For what the cooking art has since attain'd,
For what Glasse, Mason, Farley, since have gain'd.
When, yet a youthful cook, she saw her skill
Almost neglected for the charmed quill.

Where heav'nly science shews her choicest flow'rs,
And busy art weaves amaranthine bow'rs;
Whilst the dark battlements and canker'd wall
Shake from their utmost depths, and mould'ring fall.
That same example for his country's good,
From which, in ecstasy of gratitude,
So many millions on the peopled earth
Their various blessings, of large size and worth
Beyond the sphere of calculation, date,
May prove decisive too of Europe's fate.
Europe, whose loyal sons for freedom strive,
Her preservation may perhaps derive,
In this important and momentous day,
From him, whose primal care had paved the way
For what his empire since have attain'd,
The splendid battles, that they since have gain'd.
For when he saw his wild and numerous hordes
Dispers'd and routed by the scanty swords

- Of warlike discipline, his gallant thought
- Improv'd the knowledge by diverters tought,
- Extracted profit from misfortunes harms,
- And taught to vanquish by congenial arms.
- Commander absolute of all his bands,
- He gave his truncheon into older hands,
- By due gradation rose, and gently shew'd,
- Merit, and merit only was the road
- To high advancement. Thus, from off the ground
- When rank ascends the ladder round by round
- When the fierce soldier views, with glowing pride,
- His lawful sovereign marching by his side;
- By birth his General, his mate by choice;
- Shame drowns the clamours of Bellona's voice,
- And mean complaint and jealous discord flye,
- Nor panting labour dares to breathe a sigh.
- Fir'd by a soul like this, that scorns to yield,
- The young Antæus sprang from Navar's field;

Of wit and eloquence, her pungent thought
Improv'd the knowledge by experience bought,
Extracted gravy from a mutton bone,
Prov'd attic salt by basket salt o'erthrown;
Nor scorn'd to wash the plates or jelly stands;
But gave the rolling-pin to older hands;
By due gradation rose, and firmly shew'd,
Merit, and only merit, was the road
To high advancement. Thus, from off the ground
When mount the pond'rous jack-weights, round by round,
The aged scullion views, with glowing pride,
The lawful cook-maid basting by her side;
By state her mistress, but her mate by choice;
Shame drowns the clamours of vexation's voice,
And hot complaint and broiling discords fly,
Nor e'en the bellows dare to breathe a sigh.
Fir'd by a strength like this, that scorns to yield,
A calf attacks a butcher in the field;

Antæus like returns th' Alcidian blow,
And seems to gather strength from ev'ry throw;
But here the parallel we cease to feel,
The calf's knock'd down, and butcher'd into veal.
But do we wonder that our matchless Pyes
From diligence and skill like this should rise;
Such diligence as oft pursu'd a road
Of heavier toil than ever patriot trod,
And hams, and tongues, from greater heights brought down,
Than monarchs have essay'd, or poets known?
Knows not the gard'ner well, whose master's taste
The best manure would prodigally waste
In eager purchase of the fungous prize,
That mushrooms will from stable litter rise?
Dear mushrooms! banish'd from Ovidian lays,
Ye mark not Hyacinth's, or Ajax' praise,
Yet still ye picture, to the poet's eye,
A powder'd coxcomb, or an upstart boy.

His bosom with redoubled ardour beat;
His arm acquiring vigour from defeat;
Till at Pultava ceas'd the parallel,
And Sweden's fam'd Alcides conquer'd fell.
But do we wonder that these noble deeds
Should follow in the tracks where virtue leads;
Such pathless virtue as pursued a road
Of heavier toil than ever patriot trod,
And rocky steeps of greater height achiev'd,
Than Monarchs ere essay'd, or man conceiv'd?
Knows not the florist cell, whose costly taste
Would royal ransoms prodigally waste
In eager purchase of the bulbous prize,
That, matchless in its form, the flow'r shall rise,
Which, by the legend of Ovidian tales,
In plaintive syllables the fate bewails
Of him, whose giant arm afflicted Troy,
The bleeding Ajax, and Oebalian boy!

Nor less aspir'd was that transcendent spirit,
Which bloom'd and ripen'd from the patriot root;
Nor less the nature of his future course,
Whose actions flow'd from so divine a source.
For who, like him to wide dominion born,
Supreme in power, and scarce in manhood morn,
Whom splendour, state, and pleasure fail'd to please,
Who fled from luxury, abandon'd ease;
In meek apparel sought a foreign shore,
Refinement, Arts, and science to explore;
Content the low mechanick's lot to share;
The same his labour, and the same his fare,
That Russia might abound in wealth unknown,
And Europe's frondest talents make her own.
Who, tough prosperity & fate had smiling found
His youthful temples with the golden round,
Remov'd the glittering jewel from his hair,
And scorn'd its envied dignity to bear,

Nor less assur'd are those transcendent Pyes,
Which, form'd by Molly, from the oven rise;
Nor less the nature of their future course,
Whose flavour flow'd from so divine a source.
What Pyes like these, which all the world could charm,
New bak'd, and from the oven steaming warm;
The board of state and splendour form'd to please,
Could fly from luxury, abandon ease;
On a meek earthen plate be humbly brought
To grace the festival that cheer'd a cot,
That low mechanics might a blessing share,
And crown, for once, their toils with sumptuous fare;
That cottagers might boast a bliss unknown,
And make the dainties of the great their own:
Rich were the Pyes, and Molly's care had bound
The pastry edges with a crinkled round;
Its varied form the wond'ring children pleas'd,
With eager haste the ornament they seiz'd,

Till, check'd by dear mama's commanding frown,
They, sighing, laid the envy'd treasure down.
Yet had they known, at various times, the feast
Of Currant Dumplings temper'd light with yeast;
When, anxious to avert the price of beef,
A dumpling gave the appetite relief;
When frugal labour shunn'd expensive meat,
And shrunk from victuals that it fear'd to eat.
They had been able too, to claim a part
In that fam'd dish, a noble Apple Tart;
But if they thought, dishearten'd by his cares,
Their father's supper might demand their shares;
If, spent by hunger, or by toil opprest,
Their simple treat might soothe his grief to rest;
Each laid his little portion on the shelf,
Resign'd his claim...nor gave a sigh to self;
Calmly they bade their own enjoyments cease,
To give their parents comfort, ease, and peace.

Tell conscious merit should the gift bestow,
And fame replace it on his toiling brow?
There have indeed, at various times, been those,
Who pressed by foreign or domestick foes,
And anxious to avert impending fate,
Have stop'd, in terror of a rival's hate,
From their own fronts the diadem to tear,
And shrunk from honors, that they fear'd to wear.
There have been even those, whose able hand
Could greatly wield the sceptre of command,
Who yet, disheartened at the cares that wait
Round gilded palaces and courts of state,
Threw off the pomp of imperial Rome,
Or sought the cloister's melancholy gloom;
Resign'd without a sigh, dominion, pelf,
Command and title — but their end was self;
Bidding their publick toil and labour cease,
They studied private comfort, ease, and peace.

- And thus, howe'er we dignify the name,
- Life's ruling principle is still the same.
- The learn'd historian of the coming age
- With fresh examples may adorn his page;
- Nay of some future Diocletian tell,
- Some future Charles within a convent's cell;
- But never can the world expect again
- A reigning Peter's abdicated reign.
- Illustrious shade! O! could thy soul infuse
- Its saint's resemblance in the answering Muse,
- Then in sublimer song her voice should raise
- Strains less unequal to her Hero's praise.
- But what at last avails the poet's fire?
- Vain are his honors, and his boasted lyre:
- Vain is the laurel that adorns his brow:
- Vain are his numbers: nor can all bestow,
- But from their deathless theme alone receive
- The fame, not e'en Macondes could give.

But still, howe'er we dignify the name,
The principle of feeding is the same.
Their mother may, from summer's coming store,
To crown their self-denial promise more;
Of Raspb'ry Pasties when releas'd from school,
Or a nice supper of a Gooseb'ry Fool;
But not till Christmas must they hope again
Their dear Mince Pye's long abdicated reign.

Illustrious Pye! O could thy sweets infuse
Their faint resemblance in the anxious muse,
Then, in high-season'd song her voice should raise
Strains less unequal to thy dainty praise!
But what, alas! avails the kitchen fire?
Its smoke half suffocates, its blazes tire;
Vain are the pot-hooks that adorn its crane,
Its whirling jack, and shining ranges vain
To grace Mince Pye; though they from it receive
The deathless fame Mince Pye alone can give.

Since then establish'd Mince Meat thus defies
The pow'r of luxury, that never dies;
The splendid dish and plate how much more vain,
Of perishable glass or porcelain,
Though pott'ries be exhausted, millions spent,
The glutton's paunch is Mince Pye's monument!
And thou, lost mess, which civil discord gave
An early victim to oblivion's grave,
Whate'er thy faults, Plum-porridge, (who has none?)
Amply thy excellencies might atone,
When, smoking hot, thy spicy vapours crost
The morning keenness of a Christmas frost.
Thee, sour Reserve, in sable garments dight,
Fanatic gloom excluding Reason's light,
And Av'rice o'er the saveall's dying flame,
Shall ever execrate and hate thy name;
While Hospitality's regretful tear
Shall drop a tribute on thy mournful bier.

Hence then, establish'd glory, thou decrees
The pow'r of poesy, that never dies;
How much more vain are Henry's alone
Compos'd of perishable brass and stone,
Though granite were consum'd and mitres spent,
When the whole empire forms one monument?

And thou, ill-fated Prince, whom discord gave
An early victim to misfortune's grave,
Whate'er thy frailties were, (and, who has none?)
Amply thy greater virtues shall atone,
Whose heralds on the wings of mercy crost
The trackless deserts of Siberian frost.
Thee, coward cruelty in honor's sight,
And mean suspicion that avoids the light,
And persecution with tormenting flame,
Shall ever execrate, and hate thy name;
While freedom's gratitude and pity's tear
Shall drop a tribute on thy mournful bier.

- But Heaven forbid! nor let thy realms deplore
- The mixd event, that left one Peter more:
- Yes! though a woman left; whose genius throne
- With Czarian lustre on the Czarian throne;
- And in whose manly reign amazement saw
- The bitterest comment on the Salick law.
- Her acts of publick zeal it will become
- Historick care to mark in pond'rous tome;
- But where is he, the ablest hand among,
- Who hopes to name them in the space of song?
- Vain were the task: no thou, great Sovereign fear
- The muse shall trespass on thy patient ear
- In weak attempts their meaning to rehearse,
- Though filial fondness might endure the verse:
- Nor can she deem it meet; for should she high
- As Pelion pil'd on Ossa volumes lie,
- And cloud-capp'd heaps of panegyrick raise,
- This conflict would contain their sum of praise;

But Fate so will'd! nor let these realms deplore
The mixt event, that left one dainty more:
Yes! though a Custard left, which Betty stirs
With porridge richness in her porringers;
And in whose smooth soft texture Pleasure saw
The sweetest soother for a toothless jaw.
Their public zeal for this it well becomes
Rich Aldermen to mark in pond'rous tomes;
But where is he, the ablest bards among,
Who hopes to name their wond'rous feats in song?
Vain were the task: nor let them once suppose
The Muse such mighty deeds could e'er disclose:
Weak the attempt their eatings to rehearse,
Though childish fondness might endure the verse:
Nor can she deem it meet; for should as high
As jellies pil'd on salvers, volumes lie,
And cloud-capt heaps of panegyric raise,
This couplet would contain their sum of praise;

" They seiz'd, with greedy haste, the Custard's store
" And fairly ate, till they could eat no more!"
Oh ye! who know the luxury to trace
The pamper'd wishes of your infant race;
Their little wayward poutings to beguile
With rich Plum-cake, and raise the cheering smile;
To let them snatch the Biscuits from the plate,
And feel their rudeness your delight create;
Ye best can estimate the chains that draw
The piggish booby to his fond mamma;
The praise that Master Jacky's antics claim
From the dull bosom of the idle dame.
Hail, blest Twelfth-cakes, of eminence supreme!
For what ye taste like, not for what ye seem:
Not for your sugar'd tops, or gilded head,
Such often folds o'er musty gingerbread;
But for the larger means that ye possess
Of giving little gluttons happiness.

"The Czar's example was her constant aim;
"Her deeds were equal, equal is her fame."

Oye! who know the luxury to trace
The mute entreaties of your infant race;
Their little tearful sorrows to beguile
With soothing bland, and raise the cheering smile;
Feel how the claims of their dependent state
Increase your love, and stronger ties create:
Ye best can estimate those pleasing chains,
Which bind the subject and the Prince who reigns.
That bliss, with which his people can inspire
The parting bosom of a genial Sire.
Hail! envied powers of eminence supreme!
Not what ye may be, not for what ye seem:
Not for the stately robe, and outward glare,
Most often foiled about an heart of care;
But for the greater means that ye possess
Of gaining, by imparting happiness.

" They seiz'd, with greedy haste, the Custard's store
" And fairly ate, till they could eat no more!"
Oh ye! who know the luxury to trace
The pamper'd wishes of your infant race;
Their little wayward poutings to beguile
With rich Plum-cake, and raise the cheering smile;
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"The Czar's example was her constant aim;
"Her deeds were equal, equal is her fame."

Oye! who know the luxury to trace
The mute entreaties of your infant race;
Their tearful sorrows to beguile
With soothing bland, and naive the cheering smile,
Feel how the claims of their dependent state
Increase your loves and strongest ties create:
Ye best can estimate those pleasing chains,
Which bind the subject and the Prince who reigns.
That bliss, with which his People can inspire
The forthing bosom of a genial Sire.
Hail! envied pow'rs of eminence supreme!
For what ye may be, not for what ye seem:
Not for the stately robe, and outward glare,
That often fold about an heart of care;
But for the greater means that ye possess
Of gaining, by imparting happiness.

. What sweet beatitudes his thought employ,
. Who springs the fountain of his country's joy!
. Can power and wealth such cordial transport bring,
. As happy subjects to their parent king?
. Or all the annals of the world evince
. A name more godlike than a patriot Prince?
. Yes! there may be; and thanks to Heaven's care,
. England and Russia shew us that there are.
. There are those princely bosoms, that can feel
. The manly passion for their country's weal,
. With roman ardour burn, and plainly prove
. Their favorite object is their people's love:
. But still, unbounded by that narrow space,
. Their sphere of action is the human race;
. And their hearts kindle with a generous flame,
. Beyond the lustre of a patriot's name.
. Blest emanation from the light divine!
. Most pure and holy WORD! compar'd with thine,

What sweet beatitudes mamma employ
When thus she gives her sickly offspring joy!
What transport can from books and reason rise,
Compar'd with spicy Cakes and sugar'd Pyes?
This is the loveliest object fancy meets,
A mother making children sick with sweets!
Yes! there are those, and thanks to Folly's care,
Each town and village shews us that there are;
There are those mothers, who forget to feel
A moment's int'rest for their children's weal,
Indulge in ev'ry vice the little elf,
For the dear pleasure of indulging self!
Nor lies their influence in a narrow space,
Its sphere of action is the human race;
Wide spreads Example's undermining flame,
And Idleness and Vice enlarge their claim.
That emanation from the light divine,
That Word, where mild Religion's precepts shine,

Gives way to Fashion's code, which gayly rules
O'er musty Truth, in modern boarding schools!
Mamma delights to view her darling glare
The torch of Taste; put on a modish stare;
The garb of Impudence undaunted wear,
And Infidelity's assuming sneer:
For oft 'tis thought the mark of sense or wit
To ridicule the books of Sacred Writ:
The man of dash and spirit joys to tear
From calm domestic bliss the wedded fair;
To drown an injury in Friendship's blood,
And for a bribe betray the Public Good;
To scorn the raptures, innocent and mild,
Of parents gazing on their virtuous child,
And with feign'd softness, and impassion'd air,
Seduce the daughter from the parent's care,
Then cast her on the world, by mis'ry driv'n
To infamy, abandon'd e'en of Heav'n!

How dim the moral code, the boasted rules
Of proud philosophy's deluded schools!
With thee, no precepts false like meteors glare;
No selfish deeds the mask of virtue wear;
No partial charity thy laws approve,
But all inculcate universal love.
Not that the social ties that dearly bind,
Twine round the breast, and couple mind to mind;
The mutual benefits of friendship's balm,
That raise to gladness, or with comfort calm;
The spirits eager for our country's good,
And prompt to guard it with our dying blood;
The sweet solicitude and raptures mild
Of parents bending o'er their helpless child.
And that fond reverence and grateful joy,
With which the child rewards a parents care;
Emotions, that to charm our life were giv'n,
Must surely be approv'd by bounteous Heav'n.

With these strong passions, that our nature grace,
Rush on the heart, and seize the foremost place,
Our duties may begin; but cannot end:
Man is our parent, Children, Country, friend;
And Charity is cold, and virtue dead,
When what a few partake, belongs to all.
Yet ask for thee, great Prince, can reason deem
These lines important to the sacred theme;
Be wish by length of argument to press
The proof of doctrines, that thy deeds confess:
Confess, encourage; and this truth reveal,
That he will act the best, who best can feel.
But there are feelings far beyond the reach
Of all the noblest faculties of speech;
And Greece and Rome must silently submit,
Nor e'en for once avail the powers of Pitt.
For what descriptive talents can impart
The sweet emotions of a grateful heart;

When these foul passions, which our souls disgrace,
Rush on the heart, and all of good displace,
The wild career begins, but cannot end;
We hate our parents, children, country, friend,
In crimes progressive live; neglected die,
Without one social, one endearing tie.

Yet not for thee, Mince Pye, can Reason deem
These lines important to the solemn theme:
Or wish the pow'r of luxury to press,
A pow'r thy excellencies still confess;
Confess, encourage, and without deceit
Own he can act the worst, who best can eat.
But there are gluttons far beyond the reach
Of all the proudest faculties of speech;
To whom Rome's fam'd Lucullus must submit,
Nor e'en for once avail the pow'rs of PITT.
For what descriptive talents can declare
The sweet emotions, that a bill of fare

Has often pour'd, o'er Quin or Helluo's soul,
When various dishes form'd one perfect whole;
Or that keen anguish when, his dinner o'er,
The brimful glutton can devour no more?
How poor is language, eloquence how mean,
To paint the keenly tantalising scene,
When, on the board fresh delicacies plac'd,
The sated glutton wants the pow'r to taste,
When from his eyes the tears regretful flow,
And his pall'd stomach heaves with sick'ning woe!
In dreadful tasteless expectation hung,
The maukish morsel trembles on his tongue!
That palate which, so late, sublimely fed,
Now from the table turns with trembling dread:
His quiv'ring hands the knife and fork impress,
That help'd his sated appetite to bless,
That often to his mouth had found the road,
Climbing the steep ascent with many a heavy load!

The tender sensibility of soul,
That of two bosoms forms one perfect whole;
Or that keen anguish, when, asunder torn,
One bleeding bosom does its partner mourn?
How poor is language, eloquence, how mean!
What pen can write, or pencil paint the scene,
The solemn scene, where, on the bed of death
Thy mental guardian yielded up his breath?
How did thy tears in streams of sorrow flow!
How was thy soul, with agony of woe,
In dreadful, speechless expectation hung,
As the last accents falter'd on his tongue!
That tongue, which once, alas! sublimely taught
The love of Ages to thy infant thought.
How did thy quivering lips impress the hand,
That pointed out the course of wise command,
Shew'd thee where honor lay, and mark'd the road,
Winding, by steep ascent to glory's bright abode!

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Shew'd thee where honor lay, and mark'd the road,
Winding, by steep ascent to glory's bright abode!

But now, from sorrow's dismal haunts, the Muse
To fields of brightning joy her way pursues:
From pangs of writhing death, and throbs that grieve,
To happier cares, that bid the dying live,
Bind up the wounds from persecution's dart,
Pour the mild balm of comfort on the heart,
And raise the mansions of returning bliss
For tortur'd virtue, in Petropolis.
There fam'd for gallant deeds through ages past,
Unconquer'd Malta, though betray'd at last,
Beholds the honors of her cross restor'd,
And thanks her injuries for a worthier Lord.
To splendid wealth, to royal titles born,
Yet of that wealth despoil'd, those titles shorn,
By Gallia's malice doom'd to despair,
The wretched wanderer finds his palace there.
Robb'd of their native soil, and banish'd thence,
What numbers expiate the dire offence,

But now, from Sorrow's dismal haunts, the muse
To halls of bright'ning joy her way pursues;
From writhing stomach-ach, and throbs that grieve,
To happier treats where countless dainties live,
To banish yesterday's remember'd pain;
To bid the glutton be himself again,
And find returning appetite increas'd,
By healthiest viands in A BRITISH FEAST.
There, fam'd for strength and pow'r in ages past,
Unconquer'd MALT maintains her state at last,
Beholds the honours of her beer restor'd,
And thanks her injuries for a roast-beef lord.
From her Britannia's sons their strength deriv'd,
Yet late of Britain's lov'd approof depriv'd;
By Gallia's vintage destin'd to despair,
She finds a resting place, a refuge there.
Displacing Claret, Burgundy, Champaigne,
Here British Ale and Porter hold their reign,

With gen'rous Port, that wakes to patriot fire
The glowing spirit of the country 'squire;
Hence loyal toasts with loud applauses spring;
Hence in full chorus bursts "GOD SAVE THE KING!"
Hilarity presides o'er all the feast,
And cheers alike the layman and the priest:
The pious pastor's unaffected worth
Will never find a crime in decent mirth;
Fanatic gloom and bigotry create
The poor man's terror, and the rich man's hate;
While gentleness and truth recall them home,
And lead the wand'rers to Religion's dome.

Here let the Muse, how weak soe'er the lay,
One tribute to her country's dinners pay:
Roast Beef, in vain desir'd by France or Spain;
The Turbot, monarch of the British main;
Fat Turkies, with delicious Veal and Ham,
Geese, Fowls, and, in its season, tender Lamb;

That in the lapse of time their ranks had stood,
In purer streams had flow'd their noble blood,
Or that, unconscious of the joys that spring
From hellish treason, they had lov'd their King!
But e'en oppression must have spar'd at least,
The lowly meekness of the peaceful Priest.?
Of him.? Oho! convicted of the crime
Of fearing God in majesty sublime,
His holy garb, and innocence create
Th' apostate furies of a Demon's hate.
Turn'd out to beg or starve, to thee they roam,
And gain the Comforts of a second home.

Here let the Muse, how weak soe'er the lay,
One heartfelt tribute to her country pay;
And while St. Vincents' Cape, the grave of Spain;
The subject billows of the Gallick main;
The shores of Camperdown; the mouths of Nile;
Quake at the thunders of her warlike isle,

Proclaim her Navy's valor, and bestow
The meed of conquest on Britannia's brow;
Let myriads exil'd from an impious coast,
Who bless her bounty for the means they lost;
Let princely Orange, Bourbon's royal line,
The blooming wreaths of gratitude entwine,
And victory's garland to the laurel join.
Meek-eyed Compassion, favorite of Heav'n!
By beaming cherubim of mercy driv'n,
May the mild radiance of thy silver car
Shine ever foremost in the ranks of war:
So shall the gen'rous tear, at thy behest,
Melt the stern nature of the Warrior's breast,
Snatch'd from the jaws of death, the victim save,
And pity heal the wounds that valour gave.

Can arms and pity then, together move:
The savage vulture, and the tender dove?

Mince Pyes, and puffs, and pastry, all bestow
The hospitable Crown on Britain's brow:
Let various fruits, from many a foreign coast,
In her dessert their ripest flavour boast;
The princely orange, Bourbon's purple vine,
With plums, and apricots, and peaches twine,
And to the pine-apple the melon join.

Delightful Ice, cool fav'rite of the fair!
Be thou, with all thy varied flavours, there;
May thy mild radiance, on a silver plate,
Shine ever foremost in a summer treat:
So shalt thou, at the gen'rous fair's behest,
Cool the wild ardours of the warrior's breast,
From love's fierce flame the sighing captain save,
And heal the wounds resistless beauty gave.

Now, in the ball-room join'd, together move
The gallant youth and fair who claims his love:

For who could hear the viol's sprightly sound,
Nor instant join the dear enchanting round,
When near the bosoms of the young and gay
The sportive fans in breezy flutt'rings play?
What man of spirit could have tamely staid
While drunkards exercis'd their sottish trade?
What man of feeling could have calmly stood
And not engag'd a partner fair or good?
What man of constancy had felt unmov'd
While coxcombs prattled near the shrine he lov'd?
What human breast could hold a heart of stone
When, in the dance, youth, beauty, pleasure, shone?
Avaunt then, rigid Prudery! that fain
Would shelter vice, and render virtue vain:
'Tis social Pleasure's animating cause,
And modest Beauty crowns it with applause.
For this, the youth foregoes his midnight rest;
For this, his heart leaps gayly in his breast:

Say rather, Who could real pity feel,
Nor instant brandish his avenging steel,
When to the ravenous wolf a bleeding prey,
Mangled and torn the trembling entrails lay.
What man of justice could have tamely stood
Whilst robbers execrated their barbarous trade?
What man of feeling could have calmly stood
To see the murderer bathe his hands in blood?
What man of faith in God had felt unmoved
Whilst atheists trampled on the shrine he lov'd?
What human breast could hold an heart of stone,
When robber, murd'rer, atheist, all were one?
Avaunt! Vile, base hypocrisy, that fain
Would shelter vice, and render virtue vain:
'Tis pity's self that fights in such a cause;
'Tis cruelty that makes a coward's pause;
For this, the falchion in its scabbard sleeps,
For that, the falchion from its scabbard leaps.

For that, in dread array have issu'd forth
The valiant legions of the hardy North;
The Russian eagle's double crest they bear,
An emblem of their Monarch's twofold care,
That fondly hovers o'er its subject brood,
Yet looks beyond it to the gen'ral good.
No private interest, no point of state,
Engender'd strife, and urg'd the fierce debate;
Ev'n Gallick rapine flatt'ring from afar,
With arm'd incursion had not forc'd the war:
Safe on his distant throne he firmly sat,
Secure from Naples or Sardinia's fate,
Nor in one ruin, crush'd the treach'rous hips
With Islander & Holland and the bleeding Swiss.
For nature in her map had kinder been,
Had kingdoms spread, and oceans roll'd between;
And had these fail'd impediments to prove,
He held a barrier in his country's love.

For this, without the call of fife or drum,
In dread array our smart Militia come;
How neat, how trim, the uniform they wear!
How emblematic of their colonel's care,
That fondly hovers o'er his subject brood,
Looks on his corps, and proudly calls it good!
No private interest, no point of state,
No party strife, no politic debate,
Not Gallic rapine stalking from afar,
Had urg'd him to become a son of war:
He in his country-seat securely sat,
Nor thought of Naples or Sardinia's fate:
But 'twas with boon companions free, to dine;
And join the social mess in jocund wine:
For chance had kindly to the mess assign'd
A Cook well skill'd to please the taste refin'd;
And had ragouts and hashes fail'd to move,
Her fam'd Mince Pyes had well secur'd his love.

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The valiant legeons of the hardy North;
The Russian eagles double crest they bear,
An emblem of their Monarchs twofold care,
That fondly hovers oer its subject brood,
Yet looks beyond it to the genral good.
No private interest, no point of state,
Engender'd strife, and urg'd the fierce debate;
Een Gallicks rapine shatt'ring from afar,
With arm'd incursion had not forc'd the war:
Safe on his distant throne he firmly sat,
Secure from Naples or Sardinias fate,
Nor in one ruin, cursd the treach'rous hips
With Islander & Holland the bleeding swips:
For nature in her map had kinder been,
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A Cook well skill'd to please the taste refin'd;
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Her fam'd Mince Pyes had well secur'd his love.

As from the purlieus of St. James's-square
Bright Fashion flies, to charm the modish fair,
And from the flapping of her painted wings
The cap, the robe, pellice, and bonnet flings;
Around with pleasure and applauses loud
The Bond-street swarms in gay disorder crowd,
While volumes of her perfum'd breath disclose
The odours of the jessamine and rose:
The fair creation owns her rougeing reign,
And simple Nature sighs and pleads in vain.
So from the confines of her darling France
The pallid fiend, Soup-meagre, dares advance,
Hors'd on a stock-fish; wide her pinions spread,
And shake down frogs, and herbs, and barley bread:
Beneath those pinions' shade a sickly crowd
Creeps languid, and enjoys delusion's cloud;
Eager to make us quit Roast Beef and feed
On spinach, cel'ry, and each maukish weed.

As from the eastern wilds and deserts vast,
The noisome Pestilence bestrides the blast,
And from the flapping of its gloomy wings,
The poisoning blight and dire contagion flings;
Around, the wholesome air infecting, lour
The million swarms, that darken and devour,
Whilst from the volumes of its pois'nous breath,
Pale famine issues, and disease, and death:
Creation groans beneath its fatal reign,
And perish nature burns through every vein.
So from the confines of her darling France,
Behold the fiend of Anarchy advance
Nurs'd on the howling storm; her pinions soar,
And desolation shake from plumes of gore.
Sprung from her impious womb, a restless crowd,
Obscuring reason with delusion's cloud,
Eager for constant spoil, on rapine feed,
And only live by making others bleed.

. Where-e'er her voice is heard, the famish'd brain
. Longs for content and joy, and longs in vain;
Though e'ry nerve envenom'd passions dart,
Consuming envy gnaws upon the heart,
Ensanguin'd slaughter hunts for human food,
And taints with raging thirst for Monarchs blood.
All publick happiness in ruin lies,
And social comfort languishes and dies.
. Lo! where in tokens of her baneful grasp,
. Signal of mischief, flares the triple stripe;
. Deriding sacred Heav'n, it flouts the sky,
And Freedom taunts with cruel mockery.
. Upreaving it aloft, th' insatiate brood
With greedy prows invade the swelling flood,
And madd'ning with the lust of plunder, rave
. For conquest on the seas allotted wave.
. Where, when the gath'ring host Britannia saw,
Whose trident is supreme, and will is law,

Where'er her mess is pour'd, the famish'd train
Longs for content and joy, but longs in vain;
O'er the pale cheek cold-blooded tremors dart,
Consuming Envy gnaws upon the heart;
They prowl and long for Britain's solid food,
Yet dare not own her Beef and Pudding good:
The hospitable feast in ruin lies,
And social comfort languishes and dies.
Lo! where in token of her baneful gripe,
Signal of famine, flares a rag of Tripe;
Stew'd to transparency, it flouts the sky,
And taunts Roast-beef with idle mockery.
Uprearing it aloft, the hungry brood
Invade the board where late a sirloin stood,
And, mad with lust of innovation, wish
For conquest o'er each long-establish'd dish.
When near the meagre host Plum-pudding rose,
Whose smoking sweets delicious scents disclose;

Full o'er the board, she bad her flavours pour,
And from her empire drive them back to shore.
There with malicious hate soup-maigre spread,
And scantily surrounding nations fed,
Deplor'd good-living lost, and fasting moan'd,
Till, half convuls'd with cholic, Europe groan'd:
And more had suffer'd yet; but, great in fame,
MINCE PYE appear'd: at his avenging claim
The soup-devouring bands, aghast, displac'd,
Fell back, astounded at his conq'ring taste.
Italia too, whose omlets pleas'd the world,
To onion soup and lenten potage hurl'd,
Wept o'er her macaroni boil'd in vain,
And bent in anguish to soup-maigre's reign;
Till to her aid thy plums and spices flown
Rivall'd those dainties Capua once could own:
The soup, the frogs, the herbs, the barley bread,
And all the sickly train, in pale confusion fled.

She bade the thunders of her Navy roar,
And from her empire drive them back to shore.
There with malicious hate their fury spread;
Wide and more wide surrounding nations bled,
Deplor'd their treasure lost, as vassals moan'd,
And half convuls'd in torments Europe groan'd.
And more had suffer'd yet; but, at thy word,
Vengeance unsheath'd her formidable sword;
When straight the lawless bands, aghast, dismay'd,
Fell back astounded at the flaming blade.
Italia too, that erst had rul'd the world,
From her last, peaceful throne to bondage hurl'd,
Wept o'er her sons by worse than Vandals slain,
And in deep anguish dragg'd a tyrant's chain;
Till to her aid thy conqu'ring eagles flown,
Rivall'd those talons, that were once her own,
And on the quarry swooping from above,
Pounc'd like the Thunder-bearing bird of fabled Jove.

'Proceed, great Prince! thy country's, Europe's pride!
'Proceed! and stop the overwhelming tide,
'That breaks down orders, reasons, virtue's mound,
'Levels the pile of ages with the ground,
'Sweeps off morality, nor leaves a trace,
'But tears up Christian worship from its base.
'Could thy great Ancestor's exalted shade,
'Once more embodied, see the works he made,
'How would his breast with exultation swell,
'To view that empire, that he lov'd so well,
'No longer struggling in its infant need
'For bare existence with the neighb'ring Swede,
'But, in the plenitude of strength, become
'The distant champion of degraded Rome:
'Those nerves of warlike brace, to which belongs
'The rod of vengeance for Italia's wrongs;
'That arm, for which imploring nations cry,
'To turn the scale of Europe's destiny.'

Proceed, MINCE PYE! thy country's, Europe's pride!
Proceed! and stop the overwhelming tide,
That breaks down social merry-making's mound,
Levels the treat of ages with the ground,
Sweeps off festivity, nor leaves a trace
But tears up Christmas gambols from their base.
Could our great ancestors' exalted shades
See how Mince Pye the realm of taste pervades,
How would their breasts with exultation swell,
To view that dainty, which they lov'd so well,
No longer struggling in its infant state
With new inventions, or the varied cate,
But, in the plenitude of sweets, become
To ev'ry epicure his wishes' sum;
That meat of spicy taste, to which belongs
The rod of vengeance for the sirloin's wrongs;
That paste for which imploring nations cry
To build the walls of English Christmas Pye!

How would each spirit's mouth with water swim,
To taste that fare which erst was spread for him!
Thus, when, entranc'd in frothy dishes light,
The culinary empire sank in night,
Immortal MASON rose...and now, where late,
The dark horizon of a slumb'ring treat,
In cold privation of improvement's beam,
Was rapt in chilly flumm'ry, and whipt cream,
The spicy flavour glow'd, its warmth began
And cheer'd the stomach and the heart of man.
The torpid blood, that indolent and slow,
In icy current hardly seem'd to flow;
The pulse of apathy, that void of heat,
In languid motion scarce was felt to beat;
The meagre pedant, who with letter'd pride
Withstood the force of port's empurpling tide,
Felt the mild influence of th' inspiring cook,
And rose in vigour as he read her book.

How would his eager sight with rapture swim,
Nor wonder less at Thee, than we at Him!

Thus, when entranc'd by intellectual light
The Czarian Empire lay, with glorious light
Immortal Peter rose — and now, where late,
The dark horizon of a slumbering state,
In cold privation of improvements morn,
Was wrapt in mists of prejudice and scorn,
The dawn of science gleam'd; its warmth began,
And rous'd the dormant faculties of man.
The torpid soul, that indolent and slow,
With icy current hardly seem'd to flow;
The pulse of reason, that devoid of heat,
In feeble motion stir'd, nor seem'd to beat;
The heart of glory, that oppress'd by pride,
Had never throb'd with emulation's tide;
Felt the mild influence of the genial ray,
And rose in vigour with the rising day.

Call'd into action thus, the gen'ral frame
Throve with new energies, and grew in fame;
And still has grown and strengthen'd, as the sun
Of Russia's Majesty, his course has run,
Till at the last, in these auspicious days,
Its fame denotes the zenith of his rays,
The fullest resplendent orb of Paul's meridian blaze.

Call'd into action thus, his lazy frame
Throve with new energies, to bulk laid claim;
And still has grown and fatten'd, as the sun
Thrice o'er his head its annual course has run,
Till at the last, in these auspicious days,
His face in emblematic pomp displays,
With full resplendent orb, MINCE PYE's meridian blaze.

Notes.

The blest descendant of the mighty Czar. P. 4. 8

The present Emperor, Paul Petrovitch, is the son of the late Emperor Peter 3.d and Empress Catherine 2.d; and Grandson of Anna Petrow-na, 2 daughter of the Czar Peter, justly sur-named the Great. He was the first sove-reign of Russia, who bore the title of Em-peror: but is more generally distinguished by the emphatical appellation of The Czar.

The doubtful Neva glides through yonder swamp — — — — — P. 5. 2

When we consider the actual state of the extensive and populous city of St. Petersburg, it seems hardly credible that there should not have been a stone of it placed little within the present century: yet nothing is more true. In the year 1703 the Czar laid its first foundation in a vast morass, formed by the overflowing of the Neva, at its junction with the gulf of Finland.

2 Anna Petrowna was the eldest daughter of the Czar Peter by his second wife Catharine 1.st, and was married in 1725 to Charles Frederick, Duke of Holstein Gottorp, by whom she was mother of the late emperor Peter 3.d She died at Kiel 1728, in the 22.d year of her age, and her remains are deposited in the Cathedral of St. Petersburg. This amiable Princess was professed of uncommon beauty and accomplishments. 4 De prie en cas,

Genoa n'y pouvoit trouver aucun defaut. Avec cela un jugement pènetrant, une vraie candeur, et bonté de caractere; liberale, et magnifique, tres bien instruite, parlant élégamment sa langue maternelle, le Francois, l'Allemand, l'Italien, et le Suedois." Basewitz vi Buschings Hist.y Mag.e p. 371.—

Nor fluid this appears, nor solid that. P 5. 6.

"sic erat instabilis tellus, innabilis unda" Ovid. Met. lib. 1. 16.

Where navigation's arts had never spread. P 6. 13

"Nothing can convey an higher idea of the vast abilities and persevering Genius of Peter the Great, than the situation, in which he found the Russian navy, and the state in which he left it. Though in the beginning of his reign he did not possess a single ship on the Baltick; yet in the course of a few years he equipped a fleet of 50 sail of the line, which rode triumphant in that sea." The Russian Navy is indebted for its creation to the accidental circumstance of the Czar's having seen, about the year 1621 a small deserted vessel,[c] the

b Coxe's Travels in Russia, Vol. 2d. 226.

c Voltaire calls it une petite chaloupe Anglaise. L'Evesque, upon the authority of Prince Sherbatoff (who published some notes to an hist.y of the Czar, first printed at Venice) does the same. The Diary of Gen.l Gordon, a Scotchman, who had entered into the Russian service, and became a great favourite with the Czar, asserts that it was originally built by Brandt, the same person, who afterwards repaired it; and Coxe considers this latter authority as decisive upon the point; which, after all, does not seem to be worth disputing about.

unusual construction of which attracted his notice, Upon being told it was built built in that manner for the double purpose of sailing and rowing, and to enable it to go against the wind, he resolved to have ocular proof that these objects were really practicable, and gave orders that the vessel should be immediately repaired. This was accordingly done; and he was equally astonished and delighted when he saw the facility, with which they were accomplished. He soon afterwards ordered Brandt, the shipwright, who had refitted it for this experiment, to build him a yacht, and some vessels for carrying cannon; and by the Czar's unremitting zeal and personal superintendance, this little fleet was so much encreased that in the Spring of 1696 he attacked Azoph with two men of war, 23 Galleys, 2 Galleots & 4 fireships. The vessel, which first excited his curiosity, and was the cause of those astonishing exertions, from which Russia has derived her present power and consequence amongst the nations of Europe, was transported in 1723 from Moscow to St. Petersburg; where it was solemnly consecrated under the appellation of The little grandsire; and now remains, within a building constructed for its preservation, an object of very natural reverence in an Empire, to the glory of which it had so essentially and rapidly conduced.
d Coxe's Travels into Russia Vol 2nd p. 527

Shall are his mighty works; not these alone. Pr. 1

To attempt to specify the several instances of improvements and cultivation here briefly alluded to, would swell this note into Volumes: the reader can alone obtain satisfactory information upon these points by consulting the professed historians of this reign.

Or only cavil upon the poetry style. P 8. 5.

It is hardly necessary perhaps to remark, that the word style is here used to signify column, as in its compound peristyle.

He gave his truncheon into older hands P11. 6

Propriety is a thing so relative in its nature, and so much the creature of circumstance, that the same conduct might not be desirable in a well regulated government, and yet produce the happiest effects in an empire, where civilization was merely in its infancy. How supremely fortunate was Russia, that amongst the many millions, which formed its population, the individual, whose mind was most sensible of the advantages of order, science, and polished life, should happen to be the very person, by whose single influence they were more attainable within a few years, than they could otherwise have been by the combined efforts of thousands in the course of centuries! Perceiving that his Empire must have been perpetually liable to the ravages of an enemy, less formidable from its numbers than its discipline; unless he could introduce a system of strict attention and subordination amongst his troops; it was one of his earliest cares to accomplish this important object, and to reconcile his nobility to those regulations without which it never could have been realized. He resolved therefore to set the example, by resigning the command of his navy and army to persons of greater experience than himself, and he actually began his military career by serving in the ranks. At the two Sieges of Azoph in 1695 and 1696, he acted only as a Volunteer; and when, after the conquest of that place, his victorious troops entered Moscow in triumph, he walked after his Officers in the procession, alleging that "he had not yet arrived at any station in the Army" In process of time he became a Lieutenant & of

Bombardiers under Menzikoff: he was a Captain under the command of Sheremetoff at the taking of the fortress of Nianz, or Nya, in 1703; and for his personal valour upon that occasion, in attacking, and gaining possession of two Swedish vessels, it appears from his own Journal that this Captain of bombardiers was created a Knight of the order of St. Andrew, by Admiral Golowin, the first Knight of that order, which had been instituted a few years before by the Czar himself. At the battle of Pultava he had risen to the rank of Major Genl. His promotion in the naval service was equally gradual and progressive. See Voltaire, and the other historians of this reign.

The young Antaeus sprang from Narva's field. P11.18

The King of Sweden, Charles 12th had only ten pieces of cannon, and less than 9 thousand men, at the battle of Narva: yet with this small force he attacked and completely defeated the Russian army, which according to all the relations of that time, consisted of one hundred and 40 pieces of cannon, and amounted to 80 thousand men. the confusion and slaughter amongst the Russians were immense; and thirty thousand laid down their arms to an army of less than 8 thousand. so little are numbers to be relied upon when opposed to discipline! The Czar had in fact left the army a few days before, and was not an eye witness of this disastrous battle: but in estimating the resources and constancy of a sovereign's mind, it is of little consequence whether he was, or not, upon the spot, when his military force received a blow, from which it seemed almost impossible that it should ever afterwards recover itself. "I know very well", said the Czar, "that the Swedes will not long be superiour to us, but they will teach us to beat them at last."

6

Till at Poltava ceas'd the parallel. P 12. 3.

It is probable that the future barbarism or civilization of the largest empire on the world depended upon the issue of the decisive battle of Poltava. nine thousand 2 hundred and 24 swedes were found dead on the field; and the prisoners, including those, who capitulated a few days afterwards, amounted to 18 thousand 7 Hundred and 26. About two thousand were all, who escaped, and fled with Charles across the Boristhenes. The Czar entertaind his principal prisoners at his own table, and taking a glass of wine, drank to them by the flattering appellation of "his masters in the art of war."

And Swedens fam'd Alcides conquer'd fell. P 12. 4.

This expression, of course, refers only to the defeat of Charles 12, who was not killed till Dec.r 11, 1718, by a ball from the Danish batteries of Friedrichstein. He lies buried in the Church at Rittenholm," the sacred storehouse of his predecessors, and guardian of their bones". His tomb is of dark marble, and over it are the Herculean attributes, the club and lion's skin cast in bronze.

Would loyal ransoms prodigally waste
In eager purchase of the bulbous prize P 12. 12. 13

At Haerlem, when the passion for cultivating flowers was at its height, it was common for one, hyacinth root to be sold at a price, enormous almost beyond credibility.

In plaintive syllables the fate bewails. P 12. 16.

"Ipse suos gemitus foliis inscribit, et ai, ai,
"Flos habet inscriptum; funestaque littera ducta est"

Ovid. Met. lib. 10. 215. 216.

The bleeding Ajax, and Cebalion boy. P. 12. 18.

"——— "Rubefactaque sanguine tellus
"Purpureum viride gemit de cespite florem,
"Qui prius Cebalis fuerat de vulnere patris.
"Littera communis mediis junctaque, finaque,
"Inscripta est foliis, hæc nominis, illa querelæ
Ovid. Met. lib. 13. 394–398

Supreme in power, and scarce in manhood's bloom. P 13. 6.

He was born at Moscow 30th May, O. S. 1672.; and set out upon his travels in April 1697.— "C'était une chose inouie dans l'histoire du monde, qu'un Roi de vingt-cinq ans qui abandonnait ses royaumes, pour mieux regner!" "It would be injury to any of antiquity to name them with him. Who, but himself, ever left a throne to learn to sit in it with more grace.[e] Who, ever thought himself mean in absolute power, till he had learned to use it.[f]" Parallel between the Czar, and Louis 14.

Content the low mechanicks lot to share. P 13. 11. 13

Voltaire informs us in the year 1697, the Czar enrolled himself amongst the carpenters of Saardam, from whom he was neither distinguished by his diet nor manner of living. The making of ropes; the forging of iron. The sawing of timber; in short, every thing, that related to the construction, or equipment of a ship, he not only examined with his own eyes, but actually performed with his own hands; and the only difference perhaps between him and his fellow-labourers was, that the artisan, who worked for his bread, was less diligent and laborious than the monarch who worked for his own instruction and that of his

e Voltaire. Histoire de l'Empire de Russie sous Pierre le Grand Chap 9 Part 1st.

f Spectator, No 139

8

subjects. From Saardam, he proceeded to Amsterdam where he combined the studies of Anatomy, Physick, Geography, &c. with his other occupations, and remained there till Jan.y 1698, when he visited England. Here he took up his abode at Deptford, and renewed his labours as a ship carpenter; cultivating, at the same time, the sciences of Dialling, Geometry, Astronomy, and the other branches of the Mathematicks under Ferguson, a worthy instructor, who accompanied him back into Russia. During his residence in England, he received from William every possible mark of respect and attention; but that, which was the most acceptable to the illustrious mechanick, was a gift of the Royal Yacht, a magnificent Vessel, in which the King himself was accustomed to cross over into Holland; and in which the Czar embarked, on his return, in May 1698. It really fills the mind with astonishment to contemplate the state of the Russian Navy at that, and at the present period. Who, but an apparently, wild enthusiast, could have believed, when the Czar received that Vessel as a present, which seemed almost inestimable to him in 1698; that at the end of only one succeeding century, an inheritor of his throne should have left himself in a condition, not merely to return the compliment to a British Monarch, but to present him with a 50 gunship of his own, captured from the common enemy, in the Mediterranean, by the fleet of Russia!!! Such however is the fact: such has been the dignified conduct of the present Emperor, and that a monarch, such as he has shewn himself to be, may continue to be the steady friend and ally of Great Britain, must surely be the wish of every Englishman, who loves his Country, and venerates Honor, Liberality, and virtue.

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from the London Gazette. "The Emperor of Russia having, as a mark of friendship towards his Majesty, and of esteem and regard for his Majesty's naval service, and particularly towards the officers and crews of the ships who served on the 1st of August 1798, under the command of Rear Admiral Lord Nelson, signified to his Majesty's ministers at St. Petersburg, his desire that the Leander of 50 guns, which, having been engaged in that action, was, after a most gallant and distinguished resistance, captured by a French ship of the line of 74 guns, and has since been recaptured from the Enemy by his Imperial Majesty's Arms, at the surrender of Corfu, should be presented to his Majesty, in his Imperial Majesty's name, with a view to its being restored to his Naval service: The King has been pleased to accept with the highest satisfaction, this distinguished mark of attention and friendship on the part of his Ally; and has directed that the Leander should be received accordingly from such Port as the Emperor of Russia may direct to deliver the same; and should again be placed among the ships composing his Majesty's Fleet employed in the Mediterranean."

His youthful temples with the golden round

P13. 16.

"All that impeaches thee from the golden round

Shakespeare's Macbeth act 1st scene 6th

May of some future Diocletian tale. P 15. 5. 6.

The Roman Emperor, Diocletian, in the 21st year of a successful reign solemnly relinquished the imperial Fasces, and spent the 9 last years of his life in privacy and retirement, without once regretting the dignity he had abandoned. Aurelius Victor has ended this celebrated answer of his, to those, who were importunately pressing him to resume the purple. "Utinam Salonæ possetis olera nostris manibus insitiva; profecto nunquam vitæ tentandum judicaretis."

Some future Charles within a convent cell P 15. 6

The Emperor Charles 5th after having resigned his vast dominions to his son Philip 2nd retired to the monastery of St. Justus, near Plazencia in Estremadura, where he ended his days in 1558.

Composed of perishable bass and stone. P 16. 4.

Although it was impossible for any human fabrick to render the great Legislator of Russia more illustrious, than his own Labours had already made him; still, however, the mind, when filled with admiration and gratitude, derives so much pleasure from indulging in the "stir tallem accumulem donis," that we cannot wonder at any marks of respect, which have been paid to his memory by one, who made his public virtues the constant objects of her study, and models of her practice. The late Empress Catharine 2nd has erected at St. Petersburg, an equestrian statue of Peter the Great, of colossal magnitude; which will

at least remain a glorious monument of that Princess herself, the munificent patroness of Arts and Literature; who, like her immortal Archetype, has performed prodigies for the benefit of her Empire. This celebrated statue in bronze is the work of Falconet. The figure of the Emperor is eleven, that of the Horse 17 feet in height. The pedestal is a single rock of red-stone granite, which, according to geometrical computation, weighs 3 200, 000 pounds &c; being considerably more than three times the weight of the great Pedestal at Rome.[h] It was discovered in the morass of Lachta in Karelia, and was transported to St Petersburg over a space of about 41.250 English feet. When landed there, it was 42 feet long at the base, 36 at the top, 21 thick, and 17 high.[i] The whole expence of erecting this stupendous monument amounted to £24,610 Sterling.[k]

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And thou, ill fated Prince, whom discord gave
An early victim to misfortune's grave. Pl6.7.8.

Peter 3 succeeded to the throne on Christmas-
day O.S. 1761; resigned it by an instrument dated
29th June 1762; and, on the following 6th July, those
severe afflictions, which embittered the latter
period of his existence, were terminated by
death, in the 34th year of his age.

The trackless deserts of Siberia &c. Pl6.12.

If thousands wretched exiles are said to have
been recalled by him from Siberia: but, in
truth, humanity and forgiveness characterized
the disposition of this unfortunate Emperor.
He began his reign by a general amnesty,
which extended even to those, who had formerly
been his personal enemies; with the single
exception perhaps of Bestucheff.

Hell coward cruelty in horrors dight, &c Pl6.13.14

Peter 3 abolished the secret Inquisition Chan-
cery, a sanguinary tribunal, before
which any person was liable to be carried
upon mere suspicion, and cruelly tortured
without the slightest proof. Who can reflect,
for a single moment, upon the shocking
miseries resulting from such a system of
persecution, without extolling that spirit of
Justice, which annulled it? Who can live under
a Government, which formerly exercised so
dreadful an engine of oppression, without
venerating the Monarch, who destroyed it?
And yet, there are those, who, while they
enjoy the blessings of his reign, blush
not to revile his memory, and to load
his Character with insult!

While freedom, gratitude, and pity bear P16.17.18
He repealed the law by which all the Russian
Nobility were compelled to enter into the mili-
tary service, or engage in civil functions,
and restored to them the option of travelling
abroad: indulgences, for which the immediate
impulse of gratitude would have erected his
statue in gold. He corrected also the abuses,
which prevailed in the courts of Judicature:
nor were the sciences, Arts, and commerce,
less the objects of his attention and encouragement.
That there may have been Sovereigns, who
have purchased the profession of a Throne,
to which they had no previous pretension,
by equal benefits and concession, is perhaps
true; but where shall we find a Prince,
succeeding to absolute power by undisputed
inheritance and universal consent, who has
signalized himself by such gratuitous acts
of Mercy, Justice, Liberality, and Protection,
as that unfortunate Monarch performed
within a reign of only 6 months." "He was
(in the words of a recent publication) a
victim to the undesigning openness and inte-
grity of his heart: a Prince, whose answer to
the precautions, which were recommended to
him by the King of Prussia, was, I do good
to all the world; and with that, what have
I to fear? a Prince, who was the benefactor
of his country, and whose laws (those very
laws, which were brought in accusation
against him as crimes) have been religiously
observed as models of wisdom and humanity,
and without which, the reign of the Empress
would have been less glorious, and her people
less happy."

Coxe's survey of the Russian Empire, p. 454.

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Peter 3 abolished the secret Inquisition Chan-
-cery, a sanguinary tribunal, before
which any person was liable to be carried
upon mere suspicion, and cruelly tortured
without the slightest proof. Who can reflect,
for a single moment, upon the shocking
miseries resulting from such a system of
persecution, without extolling that spirit of
justice, which annulled it? Who can live under
a Government, which formerly exercised so
dreadful an empire of oppression, without
venerating the Monarch, who destroyed it?
And yet, there are those, who, while they
enjoy the blessings of his reign, blush
not to revile his memory, and to load
his Character with insult!

While freedom & gratitude, and fifty Years P16.17.10

He repealed the Law by which all the Bryssian Nobility were compelled to enter into the military Service, or engage in civil Functions, and restored to them the option of travelling abroad: indulgences, for which the immediate impulse of gratitude would have erected his Statue in gold. He corrected also the abuses, which prevailed in the courts of Jurisdiction: nor were the Sciences, Arts, and commerce, less the objects of his attention and encouragement. That there may have been Sovereigns, who have purchased the possession of a Throne, to which they had no previous pretension, by equal benefits and concession, is perhaps true; but where shall we find a Prince, succeeding to absolute power by undisputed inheritance and universal consent, who has signalized himself by such gratuitous acts of Mercy, Justice, Liberality, and Protection, as that unfortunate Monarch performed within a reign of only 6 months." "He was (in the words of a recent publication) a victim to the undesigning openness and integrity of his heart: a Prince, whose answer to the precautions, which were recommended to him by the King of Prussia, was, I do good to all the world; and with that, what have I to fear? a Prince, who was the benefactor of his country, and whose laws (those very laws, which were brought in accusation against him as crimes) have been religiously observed as models of wisdom and humanity, and without which, the reign of the Empress would have been less glorious, and her people less happy."

[a] Clio's survey of the Turkish Empire, p. 454.

Thy mental guardian yielded up his breath 22. 8.

The person here alluded to is Count Panin, Minister of State to the late Empress Catharine 2d. and preceptor to the present Emperor, when Grand Duke, in whose attachment, & valuable Statesman, found an effectual protection against the malice of his Enemies. When they had succeeded in raising up her Majesty's displeasure against him, and "he was pined away himself in sadness, his spirit had the generosity to oppose himself to the storm; and hastening to his mistress, represented to her, that Panin had been always a faithful servant of the Empire, and that it would be too cruel an act to dismiss him from the Court, at the very moment when he had neglected no right to expect substantial rewards. This procedure wrought a change in the mind of the Empress. Instead of retaining her resolution of sending an order to Panin to retire from the Court, she wrote to him a Letter full of testimonies of affection; and thanking him for the care he had bestowed on the Education of the Great Duke, she confirmed him in the disappointment of Minister of Foreign affairs." m "Few princely families can shew an instance of greater tenderness of heart, than one, which we have of Paul Petrovitch: in Count Panin's last illness, the tears of the imperial youth incessantly flowed as he knelt by his bedside, and gratefully kissed the hand of his dying master. After his death, the sincerity of the Prince's grief was manifested to the Few, who then had access to him."n

m Tooke's life of the Empress Catharine 2d Vol. 2d p 154, 3d Edit

n Ibid. p 198.

And thanks be her injunction for a worthier Lord P23. 12

The island of Malta, which might probably have
defied the attacks of the whole French navy,
and seems invincible by every thing but a regular
blockade, surrendered to the enemy, almost
without the shadow of resistance: but such of
the Knights, as have remained faithful to their
oaths, and still feel that no earthly consideration,
whether of fear, or reward, should stand in compe-
tition with a Soldier's Honour, have been most
liberally received by the present Emperor of Russia
who has taken them under his protection, and
condescended to execute the functions of
Grand Master of the order of Malta.

And while St. Vincent's Cape, &c. P 24. 15. 16.

These lines refer to the 5 great naval victories
in the present war, which have raised the
glory of the British arms to a pitch, unexam-
pled in the annals of maritime history.

1 That of June 1st. 1794, under the command of
the late Earl Howe, who was afterwards
honored with the order of the Garter.

2nd of June 23. 1795, off Port l'Orient, under the
command of Lord Bridport, K.B. who has
since been advanced to a British Peerage.

3 of Febr. 14, 1797, off Cape St. Vincent, under the
command of Sir John Jervis, K. B. created an
Earl by the title of St. Vincent.

4 Octr. 11, 1797, off Camperdown, under the command
of Admiral Duncan, created Viscount Duncan
of Camperdown: whom Their Imperial
Majesty had been graciously pleased to
confer the Russian order of St. Alexander
Newski.

5 of Augst 1798, in the Bay of Aboukir
under the command of Sir Horatio Nelson
K.B. created Lord Nelson of the Nile.
Who bless'd her bounty for the means they lost. P25. 4.
What a subject for the best, the most honorable
feelings of national pride, has Great Britain
furnished in the course of the present war! Her
valor, high, as it has always been, unparalled,
as the whole series of her naval exploits has
proved it in the present conflict, exerting,
as it must have done, the astonishment of
her Enemies; has yet too familiar an object
of contemplation to have excited surprise
in any one. But when we behold her stretch
ing out her hand to the suffering rivals of
her power, receiving, supporting, cherishing
as her own Children, those, who had been
born, nurtured, and confirmed in almost
constitutional hatred of her glory; we survey
the picture with astonishment, and feel that
this is indeed a Country, for Virtue to be
proud of. The Authors official situation
has enabled him to state pretty accurately,
what the National munificence has, in
various modes, contributed to the sustenance
and comfort of the Emigrants. By public
contribution; by bills drawn upon the Treasury
from abroad; and by issues made at different
times by the Treasury for their relief in
England, up to Dec. 18. 1799, the sum has amount
ed to £1. 428, 815, and a fraction: without including
the expences incident to the Stadtholder's residence
at Hampton Court Palace and a variety of others,
which would make the total of Public relief
exclusive of the 100, and ten thousand different
modes, in which private hospitality and benevo-
lence have been exerted, considerably exceed one
Million and an half!!!

For that, the Janizaries from its scabbard leaps. P26.18
"I thought a thousand swords must have leaped
from their scabbards to avenge even a look
that threatened her with insult." Burkes
reflections on the Revolution in France,
Vol. 3rd of his works, p 111.

Eager for constant spoil, or plunder feed P28.17.18
And only live by making others bleed.

——"Semperque recentes
"Convectare juvat praedas, et vivere rapto."
Virgilii Æn. lib. 7. 748. 749

Deriding sacred Heav'n, it floats the sky. P29.11.12.
"Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky."
Shakespeare's Macbeth, act 1st scene 2d.

For conquered on the seas allotted vase. 29.16.
"Non illi imperium pelagi, saevumque tridentem,
Sed mihi sorte datum."
Virgilii Æn. lib. 1. 142, 143

Wept o'er her sons by worse than Vandals slain P30.13.
The pillage of Rome A.D. 455, lasted 14 Days and
Nights; and whatever publick or private wealth
had escaped the rapacity of the Gothick Con-
querors, or had afterwards been accumulated by
the pomp and luxury of the Italian capital
was eagerly carried on board the ships of Genseric,
King of the Vandals. Amenchi civilization, however
(if the term be still admissible) enjoyed a most
decided advantage over Barbarian ignorance,
which contented itself with the spoil of jewels
and gold and silver, and was not refined
enough in the science of Plunder, to encrease
the Catalogue by the richest monuments of the Arts
& Sculpture Painting

Postscript.

The foregoing Epistle was obviously written at the time when our confident hopes were placed upon the victorious Arms of the Emperor of Russia, which had delivered nearly the whole of the Italian states from the Tyranny of France, with a gallantry that seemed irresistible, and might almost be compared, for the rapidity of its progress, with the march of Constantine, and the conquest of Italy by Julius Cæsar. The undertaking was a disinterested and magnanimous one, as its efforts were successful and astonishing. The political horizon became illumined by the most brilliant expectation: when suddenly, the brightness of the prospect faded, and a sheet of gloomy regret has at once overshadowed the continent of Europe. Let us hope, however, that the obscurity will last only for a short interval; that the same cheering influence may ONCE MORE return to animate the cause of Loyalty and Freedom; and that the fatal overthrow of the gigantick monster of Anarchy, is still reserved for the Sovereign, who, possessing the largest dominions in the World, wants only the accomplishment of that labour, to make his fame commensurate with the vastness of his Empire ——

NOTES.

The luxuries of honour'd Mrs. Glasse. Page 4, line 8.

Mrs. Glasse's book of cookery has been long known to the culinary world, and is to this day referred to as of the highest authority.

But mark the cook-maid comes, of courtly mien. P. 5, l. 9.

Miss Carolina Petty Pasty humbly begs pardon of her readers for leaving such a chasm in the poem; but, as the lines which her muse ventured to whisper were not the most delicate, she thought it would be too *unlady like* to print them; but they may be found, almost verbatim, in the 13th page of a poem entitled "The Sovereign."

These are the cook-maid's works; nor these alone. P. 7, l. 1.

The attempt to specify the various manures derived from a kitchen, and employed in the improvement and cultivation of the land, would swell this note into volumes: the reader can alone obtain satisfactory information upon these points, by consulting the best agriculturalists of the present day.

Medea woke to youth her Jason's sire. P. 9, l. 14.

"Sed isto,
"Quod petis, experiar majus dare munus, Jason.
"Arte mea soceri longum tentabimus ævum,
"Non annis revocare tuis." OVID. MET. Lib. vii. 174.

Provok'd the palate of Thessalia's lord,
And led the dotard to the tempting board. P. 9, l. 17.

"Nunc opus et succis; per quos renovata senectus
"In Florem redeat, primosque recolligat annos."
OVID. MET. Lib. vii. 215.

And thou, lost mess, which civil discord gave
An early victim to oblivion's grave. P. 16, l. 7.

" Quarrel with Mince Pies, and disparage
" Their best and dearest friend, Plum Porridge."

BUTLER'S HUDIBRAS.

And thanks her injuries for a roast-beef lord. P. 23, l. 12.

The liquor brewed from malt, which might have defied the attacks of the fashion and frippery of France, was, at one time, on the point of yielding to a taste for her wines: but the country knights and 'squires, who still remain faithful to the beverage of their ancestors, and feel that no French wine, not Claret or Burgundy, should stand in competition with English Ale, have most liberally determined that it shall ever have a place at their tables, have taken it under their protection, and continue, at all seasons of festivity, to exhilarate the spirits of their tenants and neighbours with this powerful and sanative extract of malt.

Rivall'd those dainties Capua once could own. P. 30, l. 16.

Hannibal, after having obtained a signal victory over the Romans in the battle of Cannæ, wintered his victorious army at Capua, then famous for the luxuries it afforded. His soldiers indulged so freely in all its pleasures, especially those of the table, that they could no longer enjoy any others, and entirely lost their appetite for fighting.

THE END.

10 JU 68

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